Kisses and Misses

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/8963869.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	M/M, Multi
Fandoms:	Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types, Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Hannibal Lecter & Will Graham
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, team sassy science - Character
Additional Tags:	AU, season one, canon adjacent, Set around the Angel Maker case, hot damn!, couch fiction
Language:	English
Series:	Part 16 of The Dr Plushy Pants Collection
Stats:	Published: 2016-12-23 Words: 1,257 Chapters: 1/1

Kisses and Misses

by AtticusCrete

Summary

So near and yet so far, and still not yet a ship of fools. Set around Angel Maker.

Welcome to the Dr Plushy Pants AU where there is humour, tenderness, familiar faces, different deaths (squee), and some angst, corresponding fluff, slow burn, and divergences (Franklyn lives!). Watch for tags for each chapter/part. Canon adjacent. Maybe a second cousin twice removed - some events out of sequence.

It spans beyond the three seasons, and starts with 'a terrible name for a Museum', I've written bits from along the timeline. The ending of the whole series is already written. I'm currently going back to fill in the gaps.

And sorry about the titles, I'm rubbish at titles, and summaries, and notes, *shrugs* in my first four weeks of writing I clocked just under 100,000 words, what can I say? Feedback and friendliness gratefully received. I answer all comments, though it can take me a bit of time.

In real life I'm an archaeologist, and have other things I'm supposed to write and read. But I'm always delighted to hang out here...

Will and Hannibal were walking away from the BAU lab. They were each trying to find a way to extend their time together. Will had so much stuff to do, Hannibal equally busy. Will thought that with all the things on his to do list he might not see Hannibal for a week. He didn't think he could bear to wait that long.

The Angel Maker case they'd just wrapped up had a mixture of elements and Will felt enormously conflicted over it. He sympathised with Buddish, but he also deplored what he'd done. And he just couldn't work out how he had strung himself up. He and Team Sassy Science, with interjections from Hannibal and Jack Crawford (more and less helpful respectively) had spent three hours trying to replicate his actions. That must mean someone else was involved. Will tried to shake it off. He didn't want to think about it now. He wanted to think about Hannibal.

When Will thought about or looked at Hannibal it made his mouth go dry. Each time they'd been on the road something had happened but somehow they hadn't managed to make it translate properly back home. After the incident with the sleep walking and talking and the bloody stag they'd had a memorable evening of kissing and stroking but had both been a bit too overwhelmed to do much more. Despite Hannibal's debonair manner, suave sense of style and flirtatious badinage, he was actually nervous when it came to Will. So that and the 2 hours of sleep they'd each managed separately over the previous few nights rather held them back. Lots of yawning is not conducive to yearning.

For a bit they'd drifted into that kind of relaxed intimacy where there was quite a bit of holding and kissing and lying still beside each other, often on Will's terrible couch (now known as Ghengis Khan). But that had sort of fizzled out again when Will got called back into reviewing some old Chesapeake Ripper files and some further stuff to do with Gideon.

Both Will and Hannibal had been concerned that they were now basically text buddies. They talked on the phone, they texted, they'd become a tiny but distant with each other, both caught up in other things. Oh, and Abigail! Then a bit of radio silence which hadn't sat well with either of them

In a burst of desperation Hannibal has turned up at Wolf Trap and basically kidnapped Will to come and eat dinner with him. It was basically all eye fucking and hot hand-holding and playing footsie. And then Will had got the call from Jack and he'd had to go. Lust burning out in the promise of a particularly nasty bloody case that involved the ritualised Viking Blood Eagle torture (Hannibal had some quite strong feelings about the television series).

They'd parted at the front door Will moaning into Hannibal's mouth as they grappled with each other, all too briefly. He'd felt the swell of Hannibal's cock through the coarse weave of his khakis and the fine tweed of Hannibal's suit. As he left he thought about the book Hannibal had leant him by the New Yorker staffer Adam Gopnitz - 'the Table Comes First' how fucking true that was.

After the Jell-O shots (they both chose poorly there) Will had definitely been up for something more but then Hannibal had gone to the bathroom and the next thing Will knew he was waking up with a kind of desperate cheerfulness and a splitting headache, which was not

a hangover, thank you, oh, and with Hannibal. Likewise affected, not hungover, but something. And both still dressed in their clothes from the night before.

Bev had actually laughed when Will told her that he couldn't really remember what had happened that night. Hannibal could. He'd told Beverly that Will was so passed out they had just slept together, no, no, not like that, just actually slept. 'What a shame' she had commiserated with him, privately thinking 'damn what a waste of a perfect set up and good booze'.

There had been a long sweet kiss in the car the following morning though. And a very odd conversation about 'one shots' that Hannibal still didn't fully understand.

...

There was all that difficult stuff with Abigail, and Gideon. Not together fortunately! And then a buster had died. Which was horrible! And Hannibal had been so great. And there was a lot of hugging and comfort and kissing. Hmm. It was sweet. But not searing. And looking back Will couldn't work out how it had damp squibbed. Oh, apart from the hell of work!

And then there was the pool trick shot. Will smiled, he hadn't been as drunk as all that really. Hannibal and he were back in his room together and he got even more sober fast. Hannibal used up the fifteen kisses pretty quickly, or maybe it was just one long kiss full of promise and optimism and the possibility of amazing sex. There was a bit of an accident with Will's shirt as Hannibal was in a hurry to remove it, and didn't like it very much either. Or the too small buttons it had. Stupid buttons, who invented buttons?

Will actually had to stop Hannibal explaining the history of buttons and other fastenings.

They then had to spend ten minutes trying to find one of Hannibal's cuff links when it pinged out of Will's fingers he was shaking so much. And that's when disaster struck. Will had crawled under the dressing table to find the little gold and ebony cufflink and was so delighted when he did he got up too fast and clobbered himself on the underneath of the dressing table. That combined with his earlier alcohol consumption meant a minor concussion which in turn meant a trip to the ER. He protested, but Hannibal was all conscientious doctor and insisted.

Not how Hannibal or Will wanted the evening to end. Not. At. All. Six hours in ER with an ice pack and two horny and frustrated middle aged men. They both felt about fourteen again. All raging hormones and nowhere to put them.

....

Beau coming to visit had kind of provided an opportunity to agree they were actually really and truly a 'thing', with potential, and some kind of permanence and exclusivity. Hannibal had committed to talking about whatever difficult shit he'd got in his head as a kind of block, Will committed to generally trying to expose himself to less shit full stop. Nevertheless it's hard to make transitions into intimacy when you're a middle aged man with varying degrees of hang ups about both yourself and relationships.

As they both got closer to their cars Will was desperately casting around for something. But it was Hannibal who got there first 'I've tickets for the oper...' 'yes, I'd love to come, I love opera, definitely' If Hannibal was surprised he was too polite to say so. 'Oh, good. So, Saturday evening. Shall we say 7:00 pm at my house, opera and then a light supper afterwards?' Will wanted to throw himself at the doctor. 'Sounds perfect'.

As they each drove away, Will to Wolf Trap and Hannibal to Baltimore they each realised they only had 4 days to wait before they finally got back on track, they both wanted to, and they had the opportunity to.. Will swerved slightly, Hannibal braked too sharply at some lights and was beeped.

It was going to be a long 96 hours.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!